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was also hammered hard. The Vanderbilt rooters on the sideline hooted and yelled in the eighth and ninth innings, but the old Vandy boys could not find a ball they could hit.

WE WIN A HARD-FOUGHT GAME

M. B. A. 12, KAPPA SIGMA 11.

Twelve to eleven was the tune the "frat" men lost by on M. B. A. field April 26. This game was a slugging match, but we slugged when most needed, and in the tenth inning we slugged in the winning run. McDonald and Gleaves worked the battery for Vandy-Frat, while Eakin, Avent and Braly worked for us. Braly pounded the ball four times, facing the pitcher but five times.

WALLACE PROVES EASY FOR US.

M. B. A. 19, WALLACE 4.

Friday, April 16, Wallace University School team came out to our field and suffered an overwhelming defeat. Ezell was on the mound for his school, while Dotson started it off for Wallace, but owing to the slugging he was relieved by Overton, who also failed to stop the hard hitters, B. Wilson, Braly and F. Allen were responsible largely for slugging, while "Hap" did the work in the pitcher's box. Wallace boys were held very close to their hitting, getting on to but four of "Hap's" curves. In fact, the ball was almost a mystery to Wallace. "Hap" struck out 17 men and walked about four.

Batteries—M. B. A.: Ezell and Braly; Wallace: Dotson, Overton and Edmonson.

The score: R. H. E.
M. B. A.19 15 2
W. U. S. 4 4 4

M. B. A. PLAYS POOR BALL AND DROPS TWO TO W. H. S.

M. B. A. 3-2, W. H. S. 8-9.

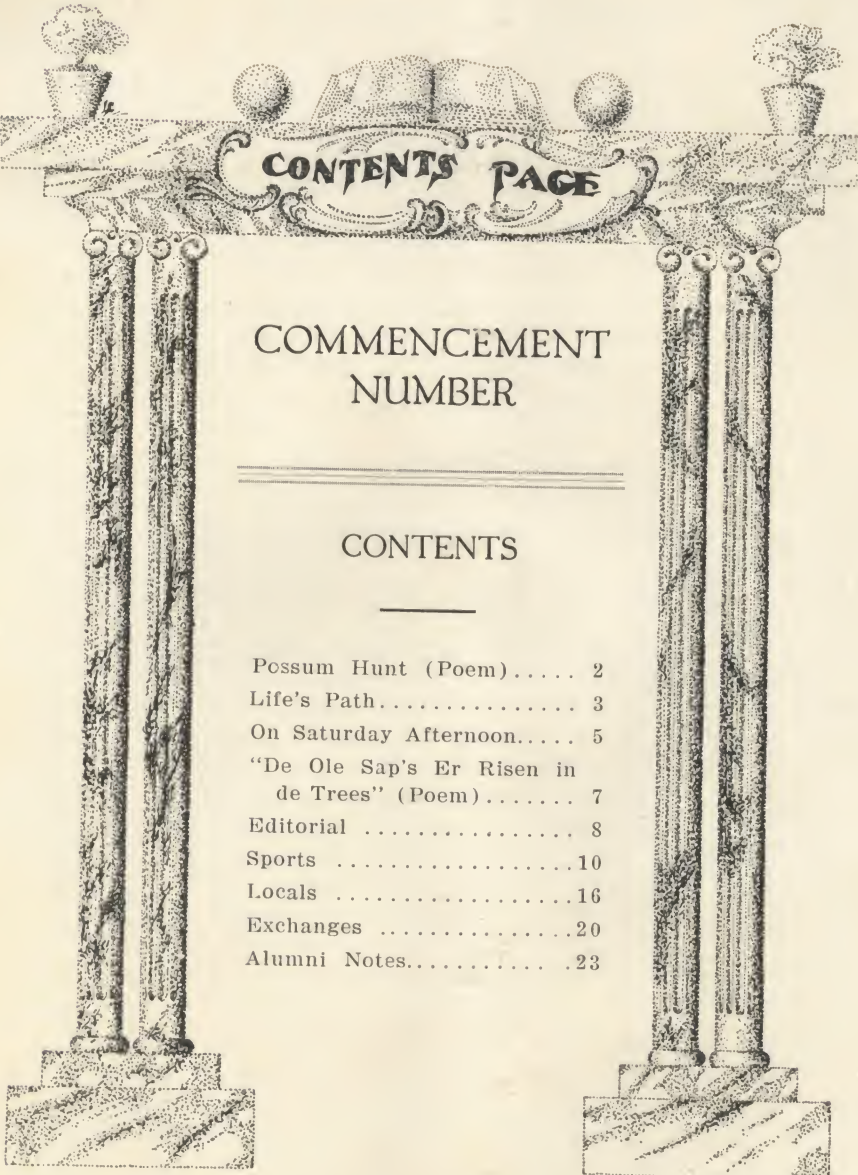
Friday we journeyed down to Waverly, Tenn., and dropped two games to Waverly High School, the Waverly team being somewhat out of the ordinary for a prep school team. All their team, every player, was larger than our boys. Divine pitched both games for Waverly. Cooper and Avent worked on the mound for us. The feature of the day was the pitching of big Divine, who pitched lightning ball for his team. We were simply outplayed, but we stayed in the game until the end, while we got hits often enough, but not at the proper time.

The scores:
First game: R. H. E.
M. B. A.3 6 1
W. H. S.8 9 2
Second game: R. H. E.
M. B. A.2 5 2
W. H. S.9 9 2

A CLOSE GAME.

M. B. A. 10, WALLACE 7.

For the second time this season M. B. A. romped on Wallace on Wallace's own field. The feature of the game was the good pitching of Cooper



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Possum Hunt

S-sh! nigger, whut dat you see?
"Er big, fat *possum!* in dis '*simmon*
tree;
Hi seed'm fust—den he seed me—
Now *fore de Lord*, wher kin hit be?
Er possum wuz in dis 'simmon tree.

Here, Jake; hole dat pine torch high;
Dere's de rascal, studyin' de sky,
Jes lak er parson wiv his hymn book
nigh.

"Dar! dat lim' you cut *mos' fell on*
me.

How's I gwine ter know wher yer
fool possum be?"

Hi boun', hit's on de *groun' sumwhar*,
Ur in *dis tree*—I do declar',
Hit's 'nuff ter make er *parson swar.*
Ketch 'em, Snap! Why, yere he be—
Er doggone coon—in er 'simmon tree.

—*Sidney Lanier Boddie.*



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No. 4

Life's Path

UST to think, not many years ago he was but a child, passing those great days of his life in the beautiful gardens of his home, running hither and thither among the flowers, stopping at the call of a bird and looking searchingly for it, throwing his hands up in joy at the sight of the gaudy wings of a butterfly or letting his mouth pucker into a pout when his nurse would call: "Reginald, oh, Reginald! 'tis time to sleep, my angel."

"Angel!" How wonderful that word sounded to him as he lay in the gutter of a great city with its great life all about him! He shook his head sadly and ran his fingers through his long gray hair that covered such a shapely head. He looked about him with blurred eyes that were beginning to pay the penalty, and, rising from the gutter, where he had sprawled the night before, he

jogged along the street until he reached the door of his shanty, the place that he had made for himself. He threw his hat carelessly down, walked to a little cabinet that was made in the wall and took out of it a little bottle that contained a white powder. He poured a portion of this powder on his hand and snuffed it into his nostrils. Then his whole body began to draw itself up. A picture came before his eyes as he held this enemy in his hands. It was in Paris, not so many years before, on a street. His companion stopped before a drug store, put his finger on his mouth, and they both walked in. The companion asked for something. The drug store clerk looked around cautiously, put his hand under the counter and drew out a little bottle containing white powder. The picture faded. That was all of it that was necessary. The man's breath

was coming to him fast, and his eyes were bulging out of his head, looking into the past that made that terrible present.

He walked slowly away from the little cabinet and sat down at his rude table in the center of the room. There was one book on it that somehow or other never got away from him. He never read the poem in it. Such a thought as that never struck him. By chance his hand fell on it, and in derision he opened it and read, not one line, but every line. The poem was "Mother o' Mine." How plainly he saw himself as he staggered up the steps of his house, and how sad was the face of his mother as she looked down on him, shaking her head, that was fast turning gray, and saying to him softly: "Reggie, brace up, my boy, won't you?" The picture faded, and the man who clamped the book in his hand was sighing deeply.

He rose from the table and walked to his trunk, took out a picture and looked at it with such sad eyes. There she was before him, so young and so full of life. And there he was, walking by her, telling her the secret of his heart, and then he felt the call of the little bottle, felt its death-grip about his throat; he could not resist, he yielded, and so she slipped out of his life.

He moved toward the center of the room, and from his walking some-

thing jingled in his pocket. It was money, but not his money. He almost heard the voice of the thugs call out to him in that black night: "Run, Reginald; you've made a swell haul." He saw them disperse, even could hear their grumblings in the distance as they fought among themselves for the money. How prominent his figure was as he stood on the threshold of the house which he had made his prey and put his hand to his breast, trying to quiet his conscience, which called out so strongly to him, and then he was running away fast down the street, heeding not a word of the voice that tried to set him straight.

Just then someone knocked at the door. Reginald knew. By chance his hand went in his pocket and he felt something cold and hard against it. He drew his hand out quickly, and a sickening feeling came over him. Then he stood up erect, tore a piece of paper from the wall and wrote hurriedly on it. There was but one report. The detective broke open the door and shook the body that lay lifeless before him. By the side of the body was the little piece of wall paper, from which the detective read aloud: "We do not need to go to the pulpits to learn the truth; put a megaphone into the hand of the poor damned criminal and let him shout from the roofs of your houses his story—Life's Path."

—LeRoy Stein.

On Saturday Afternoon



"Is the cream good, hon?"

"Yes, it's good, Charley, but don't call me that again."

"Why, little doll? Haven't I known you for over a year. Haven't I always—"

"Yes, I know, Charley, but that's no reason why you should get fresh."

"Fresh, hon, why I—"

"Just because a girl lets a boy take her somewhere he thinks he can get fresh with her."

"Let's go, little Queenie."

"All right, Charley."

"This cool air will be fine for your disposition, little Queenie."

"Yes?"

"The idea of a cute little doll like you getting sore."

"I ain't sore, Charley, only—"

"Only what? Every time I say anything you have to say, 'Don't get fresh, Charley!'"

"Well, you are fresh."

"Aw—don't let's quarrel. I love you and you know it. I have asked you to marry me—"

"Can't you give me any peace, Charley?"

"Marry me three times and every time—"

"Aw, Charley."

"Time you say something funny and turn the conversation."

"Well, an't we good pals?"

"But that ain't it, little beautiful doll baby, I have asked—"

"Now cut it, you hear me?"

"Don't get mad at your little lover, doll."

"Say, Charley, did you see that beautiful girl that just passed; wasn't she pretty, though?"

"Yea, but she couldn't hold a candle to you, you beautiful doll."

"Now, Charley, I want you to cut it, and—"

"Aw, doll."

"Cut it and *now*—"

"And you so pretty and graceful, aw, doll I—"

"Charley, *will* you please—"

"No, doll, no man could walk and talk to you without getting crazy. I love crazy—"

"Charley!"

"Here comes a car, doll; let's go over to White City."

"All right, Charley."

"Here, take this seat, doll, it's not far from here."

"Uh, hu!"

"Look, I see the tower now."

"Yea, they say it's got a million lights on it."

"It's only made out of wood, it sure would burn up quick."

"Charley, look at that man lookin' at me."

"Why, doll, I don't blame him a bit, anybody, everyone, likes to look at you, but if he don't quit I'll make him."

"He's getting off now."

"That's good."
"Here we are, let's get off."
Aw, right, doll."
"What shall we go to first, little baby girl?"
"Oh, anything."
"The loop the loop?"
"No, that is too fast for me."
"Too fast? Why, doll, I thought you could stand anything."
"Oh, I can stand it, but I don't feel like it this afternoon."
"Well, the racing autos, then, they are not so fast."
"All right, Charley."
"Step high, doll."
"Yes."
"No, get on the other side. All right, let'er go."
"Whee, this is fine, Charley."
"Yea, it's nice and cool, you great big, beautiful doll, you—"
"Aw, Charley, why—"
"Doll, there's not anything I wouldn't do for you."
"I know you're awfully good to me, Charley."
"Doll, haven't I always said—"
"We're back again, Charley."
"All right, you get out first."
"Oh, look there, Charley, let's go in the Flume, it's cool in there."
"Anything you say, beautiful Queen."
"Don't these boats slip over the water easy. Oh, oh, I didn't know it was dark in here."
"The dark won't hurt you, you big, little, beautiful Queen. Doll, come closer, you know I love you, sweet, won't you be my frau."
"Charley!"
"Come closer, beautiful doll."
"*Charley*, if you kiss me again I'll never speak to you again; I mean that, too."
"Doll, I love you, sweetheart, will you do what—"
"If you don't behave when we come out I'll call a cop."
"*Call a cop* for me; say, kiddo, that's rich."
"Oh, gee, it's dark again."
"Yes, beautiful doll."
"*Charley*, you kissed me again!"
"We're coming out now ; I want to see you call that cop."
"I am."
"You are, really; why, how cute, you precious little baby girl."
"Officer, will you make stop young man stop annoying me?"
Why, doll, don't do that, he'll take me sure."
"Here, young man, what's your name? Charles Goodall, and yours, miss?"
"I—why—you—I—you don't need mine."
"All right, but you'll get it good for this young, man."
"Doll, I didn't think it of you."
"Oh, Charley, I—you—I wasn't thinking. Officer, I—I didn't mean that; please let him go. I—you see—"
"Then you don't want him taken up, miss?"
"No."

"Then both of you go 'long, and don't annoy the lady again, Mr. Good-all."

Silence for two or three minutes.

"Doll, I didn't think you'd do your pal that way, and—"

"Oh, Charley!"

"And me only kissing you. Why—"

"Please, Charley."

"And to think *you'd* call a cop and for *me*, your little playmate. And—"

"I—I—Charley—I—"

"No, don't do that; there is no excuse, you—"

"But Charley, ple—"

"*Wouldn't* it have looked nice in the papers; me arrested for flirting with you. And me known—"

"Charley, let me—I—you see—"

"No, I don't see. Me knowin—"

"*Please*, Charley."

"And—"

"Charley!"

"Well, are you sorry?"

"I, why—I, yes—you—"

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes."

"Real sorry—doll?"

"Charley—real sorry."

"Love me just a little?"

"I—why, Charley, you—"

"Just a little, doll, say it, just a little."

"A little, Charley, yes, a little."

"A little more, doll?"

"I—no—you—why, yes."

"And a little more, beautiful doll, a little more."

"Yes, Charley—dear."

"A whole big lot, darling, beautiful Queen?"

"Yes, Charley."

"Be my honey?"

"Yes, Charley."

"Be my wife?"

"Yes."

"Doll."

"Charley—dear."

—Clinton Clark.

"DE OLE SAP'S ER RISEN IN DE TREES."

De ole sap's er risin'—er risin',

De ole sap's er risin' in de trees;

Soon de *grass'll* be er growin',

Den I'se got to git *ter hoein'*,

When dat *ole sap rises in de trees*.

De ole sap's er risin'—er risin',

De ole sap's er risin' in de trees;

Dere ain't no use *ter shuffle*,

Dis nigger's got *ter scuffle*,

Kase de *ole sap's er risin' in de trees*.

Lord, I hate jes' lak pizen!

Ter see dat ole sap risin'—

Hit's good-bye mah fiddle and mah bo';

Hit's good-bye mah *honey*,

Hit's good-bye mah *money*,

An' hit's howdy! Mr. *Pick Ax an' Hoe*.

—Sidney Lanier Boddie.



LEROY STEIN	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
L. R. CURREY	<i>Associate Editor</i>
S. L. BODDIE	<i>Literary Editor</i>
CHAS. CARROLL	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
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EDWIN FRANK	<i>Business Manager</i>

Address all literary matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all business matter to the Business Manager. Make checks and drafts payable to Business Manager M. B. A. Bulletin. Price \$1.00 per year.

THE BETTER SELF.

Student, do you not remember in the first issue of the *Bulletin* of '14-'15 where we remarked that the massive gates of the school were opening, putting in the hands of every Montgomery Bell student advantages never before put at his disposal while a pupil of Montgomery Bell Academy? Now those same gates are closing, and of course the natural question is, Have we taken advantage of our opportunities? No one can answer that question but ourselves. Within, on our conscience, is stamped that "yes" or "no." If "yes," the road is bright and cheery. We have nothing to reproach ourselves for. If "no," well, it is time to realize our

condition. Why not answer to the highest in life, why not rise instead of sink? It seems far better to follow the better self and have a present, past and future, than to follow the lower self and have none of these. Let us let the man in us rise up and take the upper hand. The gates are closing; we hear them grating on their hinges. Closed up, back of them, lies what might have been, cast-aside opportunities. But take heart, and back it up with determination. There steals around to us a good friend, a friend that lights up the darkness and calls out softly to us: "Rise now to the better self." This friend is Hope.

—*Editor-in-Chief.*

LECTURES.

What a fine thing a good lecture is, and what good ones we have enjoyed this year! And when we begin to weigh this kind of instruction, put in the form of a lecture, we immediately see its beneficent character. The most indifferent pupil opens his eyes to a well-delivered and interesting talk. The text book seemed dull to him because it instructed him in silence; it did not speak to him or thrill him as lectures do. Lectures forcibly delivered impress us with every detail. They wake us up, so to speak, so that our minds remind us of a clam, opening and shutting tight on the thoughts that are presented us. We feel the importance of every word. So every time we see a newspaper heading announcing a lecture let's make up our minds to lay aside that hour to be spent with a lecturer. It gives us amusement along with instruction, and what better way can we learn?

—*Editor-in-Chief.*

THE FUTURE.

There is a bright future that lies ahead for the Academy. As you know, a certain atmosphere pervades every school, and at Montgomery Bell Academy that atmos-

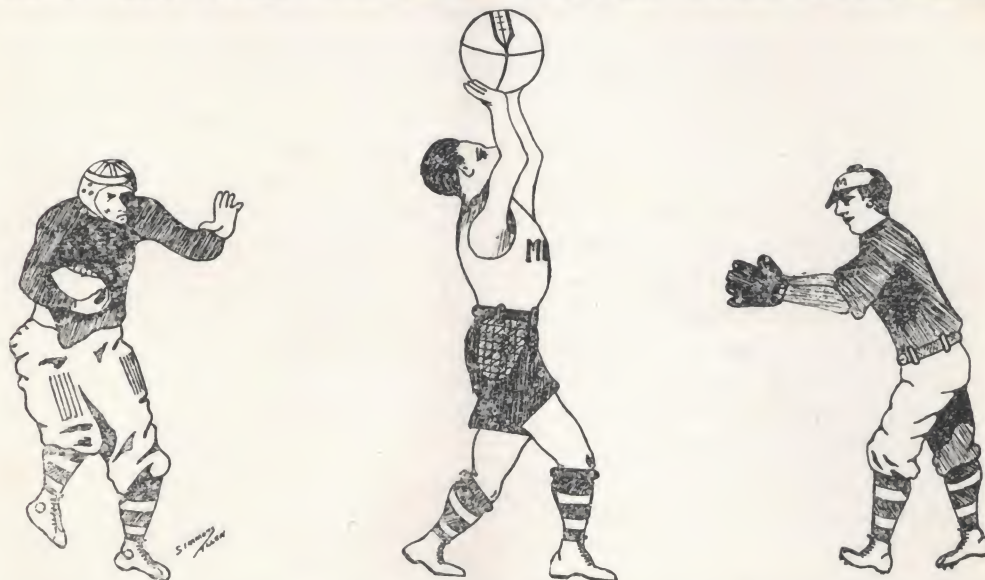
phere is the atmosphere of "work hard for your school." There is no better spirit in any school than the spirit of love for what is in your school, and as the school is forging ahead there will be added those inducements which help strengthen this spirit. Come on, you students, and when the cry goes out for you to show your spirit, answer promptly and answer willingly. What the future is is within your hands. Muster that old-time spirit of our school and each one try to be the first man to back up his school.

—*Editor-in-Chief.*

The *Bulletin* intended printing in its athletic section an extensive article on the baseball team, but as we are limited to a certain number of pages, we have found this impossible. However, in regard to the baseball team we can only say that every man starred in his position and that it would be impossible to name the subs, as every man showed brilliant playing. Having split about even on our games and having faced a very hard schedule, we have no kick to make, but instead praise to our team for their great showing.

—*Editor-in-Chief.*

S P O R T S



BRANDON WINS THE OPENER.

M. B. A. 2, B. T. S. 9.

Tuesday, April 5, our team went to Shelbyville and played the strong Brandon Training School. This was our first game of the season, and we were a little slow in getting into the game. The game was called in the sixth inning to allow us time to catch a train. We were working right up to the game, too. Avent, Cooper and Braly was our batteries. Avent pitched very well, except a little wild, while Cooper, relieving him, pitched exceptionally well, allowing but one hit.

	R. H. E.		
M. B. A.	2	3	4
B. T. S.	9	5	2

GREAT FIELDING AND FINE PITCHING WINS FOR US.

M. B. A. 6, VANDERBILT RESERVES 4.

On Dudley Field, April 21, Vanderbilt Reserves worked hard to save themselves from defeat, but failed in their attempt to do so. Avent, pitching for us, pitched a splendid game, allowing but three hits. He was supported well by his teammates, having recorded but one error. Vanderbilt rallied in the ninth inning, adding two runs, which ran the total up to 4, but Avent tightened up and retired them easily. Everybody on our team hit the ball very well. Tom Brown started in the box for Vanderbilt, but he was slammed to all corners of the field. Putnam relieved Brown. He

was also hammered hard. The Vanderbilt rooters on the sideline hooted and yelled in the eighth and ninth innings, but the old Vandy boys could not find a ball they could hit.

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W. H. S.	8 9 2
Second game:	R. H. E.
M. B. A.	2 5 2
W. H. S.	9 9 2

A CLOSE GAME.

M. B. A. 10, WALLACE 7.

For the second time this season M. B. A. romped on Wallace on Wallace's own field. The feature of the game was the good pitching of Cooper

and Ezell. Both pitched well, as did Dotson for Wallace. Braly upheld his slugging record by hammering the ball for three base hits. Dotson was rapped freely. Both teams played very well, and there were not many errors recorded against either team.

DUNCAN SHOWED UP WELL.

M. B. A. 6, DUNCAN 2.

Friday afternoon, April 30, before the entire student body of both schools, Duncan went down in defeat on M. B. A. field. Duncan played a faster game with us than Wallace did. However, both played very well. Both Duncan and Wallace sent in their best pitchers to help them get revenge from their defeat at the hands of M. B. A. in football, but we had little trouble in repeating our victories. This game was interesting. Ezell pitched a good game for his team, and T. Huggins pitched good ball for Duncan, but hits and lack of support defeated Huggins. He worked well through the nine innings, and of course "Hap" was in form and let loose the speed and curves, together with his team behind him with the support. He pitched on to victory, allowing but few hits. Huggins was rapped out freely. Both teams showed up very well, and the game was interesting.

DEFEATED, THAT'S ALL.

M. B. A. 6, CASTLE HEIGHTS 9.

Saturday afternoon, May 8, on our own field at 3 p. m., the big game

started. Castle Heights sent in their best pitcher, Tom Spaulding, to work on the mound for them, while we depended upon "Hap" Ezell. The game, with the exception of a few errors, was a good one, full of interest. We had a good chance to capture this game, but errors cheated us. Spaulding was soon located and battered all over the field for safeties. Hager relieved Ezell in the fourth inning and struck out fourteen C. H. men, allowing but two hits. Johnson relieved Spaulding and pitched very well. Hager went to bat with one man on base and hammered the ball over the tennis courts in center field for a home run. Braly followed with a long drive to center for two bags.

The lineup was:

M. B. A.	POSITION.	C. H.
Ezell, Hager	P	Spaulding, Johnson
Eakin, Wilson	C.F.	Rogers
Leffler	1B.	Nunnally
Hager	S.S.	Sorrels
Braly	C.	Jones
Eakin, Gant	R.F.	Niblett
F. Allen	2B.	Knight
B. Wilson	L.F.	Banks
Carroll	3B.	Prince

A HARD GAME TO LOSE.

M. B. A. 2, C. M. A. 4.

May 12 our team journeyed to Columbia to meet the C. M. A. cadets. The field was slow, but the game was never won until the ninth inning. Ezell worked on the hill for M. B. A., and Minor worked in the box for the

Cadets. Both pitchers showed up well. Base stealing was a big factor by both sides, and timely bingles won the game for C. M. A. Hager hammered the ball every time at bat. Braly also batted well, and for C. M. A. all played well and safe and steadily worked their way to victory.

ATHLETIC REVIEW.

FOOTBALL.

- M. B. A. 0—B. G. A. 18.
 M. B. A. 0—C. M. A. 49.
 M. B. A. 0—Hopkinsville High School 32.
 M. B. A. 6—Vanderbilt Sophomores 6.
 M. B. A. 7—Clarksville High School 0.
 M. B. A. 25—Duncan 0.
 M. B. A. 33—Wallace 0.
 M. B. A. 0—Bowen 19.
 M. B. A. 21—Ogden College 7.

BASKETBALL.

- M. B. A. 11—B. G. A. 21.
 M. B. A. 35—Nashville Boys' Club 25.
 M. B. A. 32—C. M. A. 18.
 M. B. A. 9—Castle Heights 29.
 M. B. A. 29—C. M. A. 9.
 M. B. A. 18—Nashville Boys' Club 25.

BASEBALL.

- M. B. A. 2—Brandon 7.
 M. B. A. 19—Wallace 4.
 M. B. A. 6—Vandy Reserves 4.
 M. B. A. 12—Kappa Sigma 11.
 M. B. A. 3—Waverly H. S. 10.
 M. B. A. 2—Waverly H. S. 9.
 M. B. A. 10—Wallace 7.

- M. B. A. 6—Duncan 2.
 M. B. A. 6—Castle Heights 9.
 M. B. A. 2—C. M. A. 4.
 M. B. A. 2—Clarksville High School 5.
 M. B. A. 5—Clarksville High School 4.

FRIDAY'S GAME.

M. B. A. 2, C. H. S. 5.

On Friday, May 21, the M. B. A. baseball team went up to Clarksville for two games, one Friday and one Saturday afternoon. The Clarksville High School team has not been defeated a single game since 1910, and M. B. A. boys were confident of breaking this winning streak. On Friday afternoon our team was primed up for the battle, but errors lost the game for us.

Ezell pitched for us and allowed only six safeties, while Wiles, Clarksville's best pitcher, worked on the mound for C. H. S. We landed five safeties off Wiles. He was given excellent support—only one error behind him. If Ezell had the support that C. H. S. furnished Wiles we would have won easily.

Braly and Hager were the strongest for M. B. A. with the bats. The feature of the day was the one-hand catch in deep center field by Jim Avent. He turned around two or three times and jumped up in the air and stretched out his right hand and pulled down the ball. Three men were on bases, two outs. He was applauded loudly by the grandstand.

The score:	R. H. E.
M. B. A.	2 5 5
C. H. S.	5 6 1

Batteries—Ezell and Braly; Wilee and Lapsey.

SATURDAY'S GAME, MAY 22.

M. B. A. 5, C. H. S. 4.

This game will always be remembered in Clarksville, for it was the first game that Clarksville High School had lost in five years, and they lost this because they were outplayed all the way round. We got more than twice as many hits as they; we hammered Gorman from the mound, and C. H. S. put Wilee in the box with our bases full and Hager at bat. Hager slammed the ball against left field fence. Braly, our next man up, busted out one of Wilee's curved balls against center field fence for a double. Both Gorman and Wilee were hammered all over the field, while Avent and Ezell pitched for us and held C. H. S. down to four little bingles. Near the end of the game Clarksville's umpire, Rudolph, on account of being inexperienced, gave some very poor decisions, but he was too late to save the game. There was a large crowd out to see C. H. S. go down for the first time in five years.

Clarksville High School entertained us Saturday night.

The score:	R. H. E.
M. B. A.	5 9 3
C. H. S.	4 4 3

Batteries—M. B. A., *Avent, Ezell

*Avent hurt his arm and was relieved by Ezell.

and Braly; C. H. S., Gorman, Wilee and Lapsey.

JAMES M. AVENT, A.M.

Not Master of Arts, but Master of Athletics. Jim received this degree Saturday in the Clarksville High School game, May 22, 1915. This game ends Jim's career at M. B. A., as he graduates this term, and he should always remember with satisfaction his last baseball game with M. B. A. Besides pitching excellent ball until the beginning of the sixth inning, he went to center field and played a brilliant game there. He was not up in the air while pitching, but simply hurt his hand and was unable to pitch his best, and rather than go and nurse his hand he went to center field and relieved M. Wilson there. Almost every inning the grandstand was an uproar of applause for him, and in the midst of applause in Saturday's game he went to the bat and hammered the ball over the right field fence for a home run. In Friday's game Jim played center field. The C. H. S. boys succeeded in getting two men on bases in the third inning, and the big heavy-hitting first baseman, Castner, stepped up at bat and drove a hot and fast fly ball towards center field. It looked as if it was going over the center field fence, but Jim ran with all his might, and in trying for the ball he turned around and around, and then the next thing I saw, Jim shook his right hand up towards

heaven, and the long drive off Castner's bat stuck steady and fast in Jim's glove. The force of the drive knocked him over a gulley in center field. In the meantime the spectators nearly tore the grandstand down with applause. It was admitted by the C. H. S. fans to be the prettiest catch ever seen in that park, and for years past the Kitty League has used the same park. He was an honor to his school in the C. H. S. games. He fought with all his might to win, and he will have to his credit having brought about the victory. And my reasons for making him the recipient of this degree are: First, because he played on the football, basketball and baseball teams; second, he was as good as our best player in football and basketball, and also baseball. There is nothing more left. So I find no sign of a cause or reason why I should not bestow this degree upon him in his last year at M. B. A. as "Master of Athletics," and the whole school wishes him well next year in college both in studies and athletics.

—C. M. Carroll.

BASEBALL TEAM ENJOYS BIG BANQUET.

Tuesday evening, in the big Academy hall at M. B. A., Mrs. Ball gave the baseball team a banquet which was enjoyed by everyone present to their utmost. The baseball team, the faculty, Mrs. Ball and "Hirsig, the cheer leader," were present. There were many speeches made. Prof.

Ball gave an interesting talk, in which he complimented Mr. Winston Bailey upon his successful coaching of the team of 1915. Mr. Bailey worked hard and continuously every afternoon for the past season, and he put out a good team, which met with success all through the season.

In return, Mr. Bailey made a speech in which he voiced his deep appreciation of having been with the M. B. A. boys once more. Mr. Bailey is an alumnus of M. B. A., and he still holds a high spirit for the school. He said he wished he were back again at M. B. A. He also highly praised the spirit of the M. B. A. boys. He said that every boy in this school loves his school and is always ready to serve his school and fellow-students, and that every boy would recommend M. B. A. to anyone as the school for boys, and all the boys have the proper spirit.

A handsome meerschaum pipe, beautifully engraved, was to be presented to Mr. Bailey by the team at the banquet, but as the work could not be finished in time it will be presented to him at a banquet to be given in honor of the baseball team by Manager Stein at his residence Saturday evening, May 29.

In closing, Mr. Bailey expressed his hope to see all the boys back on the baseball field at M. B. A. next season.

Mr. Bailey, we are glad to say, will be with us again next baseball season.

(Continued on Page 19).

LOCALS

One day in April the school enjoyed very much an address by Rabbi Lewinthal, the well-known literary critic and scholar. His subject was "The Opportunity of Youth." Dr. Lewinthal cited numerous instances where men had done their greatest deeds and their most noted works in their youth. Among these were Napoleon, Alexander, Milton, Byron and very many other noted men.

Dr. Lewinthal did not believe that a boy should sow "wild oats," as he needed all his time for preparing himself for his life work, and after entering upon his career it were best not to have any "wild oats" to reap or any bad deeds to draw his memory back to the past, when his thoughts should be in the present and future.

Dr. Lewinthal's talk proved highly interesting, and even more instructive than interesting.

* * *

Thursday, April 29, the student body had the pleasure of listening to a most instructive and interesting lecture, delivered by Mr. Cherry of Fayetteville. Mr. Cherry's lecture was of a moral nature, yet void of that dryness which so often accompanies such lectures. His talk was filled with humor, which added to its interest. At the conclusion of his address Mr. Cherry was heartily applauded.

'TAIN'T NO USE.

'Tain't no use to linger
When you hear the bell,
'Kase when you come a-trailin' in
You surely will catch —.

'Tain't no use in Geometry,
'Tain't no use to try,
'Kase Ed Frank knows about it
Much more than you or I.

'Tain't no use to try to put
One over on Isaac Ball,
'Kase if he ever catches you
It's two hours in the hall.

'Tain't no use to try to pitch,
'Tain't no use, I say;
'Kase Hap Ezell is pitching,
And he will pitch today.

'Tain't no use to worry
With envy in your heart,
'Kase Ed Frank's got a new suit
W'ich is a work of art.

'Tain't no use to study,
'Tain't no use, I say;
'Kase Hirsig he got "perfect"
Today and yesterday.

'Tain't no use in anything,
'Tain't no use to fret,
'Kase Hirsig's eaten everything,
And Ed Frank's talking yet.

* * *

"IMPOSSIBILITIES."

Hirsig getting up his lessons.
Ezell working an algebra problem.
Long keeping quiet.

PSALM OF SCHOOL.

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That our Algebra is long.
Those last words, they haunt my
slumbers;
Everything I work is wrong.

Latin's real, Latin's earnest,
And we've lessons hard to get,
Sentences we have to translate;
Work and we shall learn it yet.
Neither pleasure nor enjoyment
With hard English comes our way;
But if we work we'll be tomorrow
A chapter further than today.

In the world's broad field of Hist'ry,
Telling of each great man's life,
We must study, we must labor—
Learn the history of the strife.

* * *

Mr. Caldwell (in English history):
"Name one thing of importance that
did not exist a hundred years ago."
Norwood Phelps, the only son:
"Me!"

* * *

"That Jones boy who used to work
for you wants to hire out to me. Is
he steady?"

"Steady? If he was any steadier
he'd be motionless."

* * *

Wilson: "I have found out why
Avent has been walking to school for
the last three mornings."

Harrison: "Why?"

Wilson: "He spent his carfare
carrying two girls to the Fifth Ave-
nue."

HEARD EVERY DAY AT M. B. A.

Everybody: "Stein, when is the
Bulletin coming out?"

Smith: "Professor, how much
time have I?"

Nowlin: Talking all the time.

Hirsig: "That's foolishness."

Long: ?X*X?:*!!

F. Allen: "Er-er-ta-ta, le-let me
te-te-tell you, Pro-Pro-Pro-Profes-
sor."

S. Allen: "I'm going to a 'movie'
today."

Mr. Cherry: "All right, Stein, 30
minutes."

Wiles: "Is this right?"

* * *

Carrol whistling.

Mr. Cherry: "That's thirty min-
utes."

Carrol whistling again.

Mr. Cherry: "That's thirty more
minutes."

Carrol: "Aw, but it was the same
tune."

* * *

Long (on the field): "Watch how
close you throw that ball to my head;
it's valuable."

Mr. A.: "That's right; ivory is
valuable."

* * *

The information editor received
this letter from a fresh youth like
Harrison:

"Kindly tell me why my girl al-
ways closes her eyes when I kiss her."

The editor replied:

"If you will send us your photo-
graph we may be able to tell you the
reason."

CALDWELL'S BOY.

The stork has left a baby at the Caldwell home—next door—

Nobody ever saw the like of such a babe before.

It's the apple of its mother's eye, its father's pride and joy—

It's as welcome as the flowers in spring, and, best of all, *a boy*.

He came one showry afternon, 'twixt three and four o'clock—

But now the rain clouds all are gone, there's sunshine in our block,

He's the dearest, sweetest baby, for no fuss or fume he makes—

Unless he's scratched by some old pin, or his little tummy aches.

His cheeks are dimpled, eyes are blue, a boy your heart to win—

His little hands are chubby, too he has a double chin,

To see him (is to love him) in his . . . snowy little suit—

For he's the *only* baby, and he "*sure* is" cute."

—Lindley.

* * *

Montgomery Bell Academy was very fortunate in having some beneficial lectures from the following men:

Mr. Norman B. Hackett, leading man of the Hackett Stock Company.

Mr. Baskette, former editor of the Democrat.

Prof. Sanborn, Vanderbilt University.

Judge Ewing, Secretary of M.B.A.

Rev. Mr. Cherry, prominent minister of Fayetteville.

Dr. I. Lewinthal, Rabbi Vine Street Temple.

Mr. McGill, General Secretary of the Nashville Y. M. C. A.

* * *

ELOQUENT.

Mr. Blair: "Allen, write a short theme on the subject of baseball."

Allen handed in the next day: "Rain—no game."

* * *

Thursday, April 29, the contest in declamation for a representative speaker of Montgomery Bell Academy in the Vanderbilt University contest was held. Mr. Avent was chosen by the judges. His speech was "Spartacus to the Gladiators." Mr. Hirsig and Mr. Treanor also spoke very well, losing by the least margin.

* * *

Clark (in German): "May I go home? I have a hangnail."

Teacher: "Yes, you shouldn't be out with such a serious malady."

* * *

During Prof. Gibson's absence from school, Prof. Sadler took his place.

* * *

Prof. Caldwell: "Campbell, you can't go home yet. You've got some work to do in math. 2."

Campbell: "I ain't in no math. 2."

Prof. Caldwell: "Ain't you in mathematics?"

Campbell: "Yessir, I'm in mathematics, but I ain't in no math."

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CriticJames Hirsig
Sergeant-at-Arms

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(Second half of session.)

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Football Team — Ezell, Captain;
Rooney, Manager; Mr. Hager, Coach.

Basketball Team—Avent, Captain;
Ezell, Manager; Prof. Caldwell,
Coach.

Baseball Team — Eakin, Captain;
Stein, Manager; Mr. Bailey, Coach.

Mr. Gibson can't afford an automobile, but he can afford (a) ford.

* * *

I copied Hayes' writing. Therefore it is a copy right.

* * *

A GROAN.

"Isn't your wife a clipper!"

"She's more. She's a revenue cutter!"

ATHLETICS

(Continued from Page 15).

Mr. Gibson spoke, mentioning the true facts of the spirit not only that the boys in school have shown, but the exceptionally fine spirit and attention that Mrs. Ball has shown. Mrs. Ball is deeply interested in athletics, and she certainly has shown that she was, by the handsome banquets and entertainments that she has given to the football team, both basketball teams and the baseball team. She has dedicated songs and verses to the teams also. All the boys voice their sincere thanks to Mrs. Ball for her kindness and interest shown us.

At the close of the evening the election of manager and captain was held and resulted in Harold Braly, captain, and George Leffler, manager. The whole school is behind these boys and all hope they will make our team of 1916 even better than that of 1915.

—C. M. Carroll, A. E.



The *Bulletin* wishes to thank all of its exchanges for their words of advice concerning our paper and for their excellent reading matter.

* * *

Adam's downfall was caused by an apple, but many another man's downfall was caused by a peach.—*Ex.*

* * *

A young man who had recently become engaged to a certain young lady accompanied her to a drug store, where she purchased a dollar box of face powder. After they had gotten on the street he said: "Never mind, girlie; in six months you will be buying five cents' worth of white chalk."—*Ex.*

* * *

Mr. Brown: "Well, I'll take this bird; send the bill out."

Clerk: "Sorry, sir; but I can't send the bill without the rest of the bird."—*Ex.*

* * *

"TAKE YOUR CHOICE."

I love the ladies, and they are sweet;
But when I get on the street car, I
love to keep my seat. —*Ex.*

—"A Bug."

Wilson: "What do you wear your vest this hot weather for?"

Parker: "To carry my vest pocket essays in."

* * *

She: "The waiter is hanging round here as if he expected something."

He: "Oh, yes. He's a tippical waiter."—*Ex.*

* * *

COULDN'T TURN IT.

"Brudder Perkins, yo' been fightin', I heah," said the colored minister.

"Yas, Ah wuz."

"Doan yo' 'membah what de good Book sez about turnin' the odder cheek?"

"Yas, pahson, but he hit me on mah nose, and I'se only got one."—*Ex.*

* * *

DEFINED.

He: "Can you suggest a title for my new book?"

She: "What is it about?"

He: "England's most famous battles."

She: "Ah! Why not call it '*Scraps of English History*'?"—*Ex.*

A MARITAL ATROCITY.

"What's the trouble at Wombat's house?"

"Wombat accuses his wife of using dum-dum biscuit."—*Ex.*

* * *

NO HESITATION.

"Don't you think this Muscovite onslaught is awful?"

"I've never tried it; can you show me the steps?"

* * *

MUCH WORSE.

"Mirandy, for de Lawd's sake, don't let dem chickens outer dis yere yard. Shet dat gate."

"What fur, Aleck; dey'll come home, won't dey?"

"'Deed dey won't. Dey'll go home."—*Ex.*

* * *

NOT NEEDED.

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate charged with hurdling the low spots in the road in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."—*Ex.*

* * *

QUITS.

"Your boys were in my apple tree again yesterday," said the first suburbanite.

"If you say anything more about it," declared the second ditto, "I'll send you the doctor's bill."—*Ex.*

CARELESS.

"How did the cashier of your bank get into jail?"

"Left the 's' off speculation."—*Ex.*

* * *

Mrs. Brown: "You say your baby gets lost, Mary?"

Mary: "Yas, mum."

Mrs. B.: "And you have no lights?"

Mary: "No, mum."

Mrs. B.: "How do you find him then at night?"

Mary: "Oh, I just feed him onions."—*Ex.*

* * *

QUITE NATURAL.

"Why are women so crazy over these battered-up football players?"

"I suppose it is because of the innate feminine love of remnants."—*Ex.*

* * *

"Don't touch that champagne bottle, my young man. There is madness in it."

"Oh, because it foams at the mouth it doesn't follow that it's mad."—*Ex.*

* * *

"MADE IN THE U. S. A."

Wild-Eyed Customer: "I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid."

Clerk: "This is a hardware store. But we have a nice line of—er—ropes, revolvers, and razors."—*Ex.*

* * *

Professor: "What did you get for that prob about the pressure of water on the dam?"

Student: "I didn't get that Dam prob."—*Ex.*

STRIFE.

Dear Sweet Thing: "Aren't you feeling well?"

Steady: "No, I ate German noodle soup and French fried potatoes for supper, and they won't arbitrate."—*Ex.*

* * *

Edna at Drug Store: "I want a box of soap, please."

Clerk: "Would you like it scented?"

Sdna: "No, I can carry it."

* * *

Pat: "Mike, what business are you in now?"

Mike: "I am in the real estate business now."

Pat: "What do you know about real estate?"

Mike: "Lots."

Pat: "Well, how many lots have you sold?"

Mike: "Why, I can't real estate."—*Ex.*

* * *

THRIFT.

Buttons: "Get up! Get up! The hotel's afire."

Scottish Gentleman: "Richt, lad-die; but if I do, mind ye, I'm no paying for my bed."

* * *

Hap Ezzell: "I had my picture taken today."

Ed. Frank: "And who would have thought any one would steal that?"

Prof. Gibson: "Yes, but the war is on and people ain't particular what they steal these days."

OFT-TRAVELED.

Willie: "Paw, why is the way of the transgressor hard?"

Paw: "Because so many people have tramped on it, my son."—*Ex.*

* * *

"What should a little boy say when a gentleman gives him five cents for carrying his grip?" asked an old gentleman.

Little Boy: "Tain't enough."—*Ex.*

* * *

You can always tell a freshman, but you can't tell him much.—*Ex.*

* * *

Mary: "And you like automobiling as well as sleighing?"

Sarah: "Why, yes, now that Jimmy can drive with one hand, it is about as good."—*Ex.*

* * *

A Fly and a Flea in a flue,
Were imprisoned; so what could they do?

Said the Fly: "Let us flea,"

Said the Flea: "Let us fly,

So they flew through a flaw in the flue. —*Ex.*

* * *

BLAMING MUNSTERBERG,

Dad (from the hall): "Why, Mar-jorie, how dim the light is in here!"

Freddy (the fiance, not a college graduate in vain): "Yes, sir. Professor Munsterberg has a theory that brilliant light benumbs the intellect. We are experimenting to find the degree of illumination by which the attention is kept vivid and the mental functions active."—*Ex.*



Ralph Harmon is now with the Model Steam Laundry.

* * *

Harry Anderson is now with the Phillips & Buttorff Manufacturing Company.

* * *

We wish to express our deepest sympathy to Charles Harrison in the recent death of his beloved father.

We are glad that Paul Harvill's health is improving since he and his wife went West.

* * *

W. M. Metz is here on his way to his home in Colorado. He has been in school at St. Bernard Academy.

* * *

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense—it is the life of a spider.

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